

[illegible]

spring the eastern edge of the sky as he sprang from his bed of stretched rawhides and threw the door open to fill his lungs with the cool, bracing air. He bathed and rubbed himself vigorously and dressed in great humor, much pleased to know that he had beaten the sun and stolen an hour from life's handi-cuffs.

"Well, what the devil!" the doctor exclaimed. "Ah, yes, the sulphur boy, back on time. That is a good beginning. This is it which you are wanting, senior?"

The Indian boy stood before him, holding out a small skin pouch, whose distended mouth permitted him to see its yellow contents.

He ginned at it, rubbed his eyes, looked at it the second time, then seized a piece of the yellow stuff, weighed it in the palm of his hand, bit it through the earnestly and finally said in a savage tone:

"Tell me at once where you got it."

"The senior sent me in the mountains."

"For sulphur, hey. Do you know what Intelligence?"

Boiling In Liquid Air.

Liquid air is so cold that mercury immersed in it turns solid and can be employed to hammer a nail. Yet, when a glass tube containing liquid hydrogen is immersed in liquid air, the hydrogen gently boils, and gradually turns into vapor, like water simmering over a slow fire. The temperature of liquid air is 312 degrees Fahrenheit below zero, but that is "hot" compared with the temperature of liquid hydrogen, which is about 420 degrees below zero. Professor Dewar finds it impossible to prevent an open vessel containing liquid hydrogen from having a whitish deposit of solid air at the bottom, because the moment the air comes in contact with the liquefied hydrogen it is frozen hard and sinks through the hydrogen.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Queer Gold Coin.

Colonel J. J. Sullivan of the Central National bank is something of a numis-

FISH THAT UTTER SOUNDS.

Longfin and Drumsfish Bark, and the Dogfish Is Quite Noisy.

It is freely admitted that fish that utter sounds are not rare to a remarkable extent, but to translate these sounds into the English or any other language and be able to appreciate the feelings of the denizens of the deep at various thrilling stages of their uncertain careers is beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. We are told that a fisherman out at sea landed a strange fish in his boat and that the fishy captive immediately opened its mouth and began to grunt and groan so loudly as to attract attention. The fisherman took it up and was so convinced that it was talking and begging for liberty that he tossed it back into the brine.

More unusual than the noise made by our fish is said to be that of the eel, while the loudest sound uttered by a fish is that of the dogfish. Both the longfin

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He stroked a girl's cheek. It was one of the old vines covered with bushes and thorn clad apples, but they found it still worse when the forest was passed and they came out on to a steep incline that was fathoms deep in vines and whetters, with each step upward, they seemed to slip back a step and a half. The dust was suffocating, the heat almost unbearable, the thirst it enervated, and when they had finally accomplished the ascent the doctor sank down exhausted.

"Boy," said he when he had recovered his speech, "did you come all this way for meat? How were you able to do it?"

The Indian boy smiled sadly. "It was the dog in me, senor," he answered.

"What does your mother call you?" asked the doctor.

"She should have called him Pedro," the doctor interrupted, "for he has a dog's endurance and perhaps may prove equally faithful."

"The boy looked at him reproachfully, but he merely rose to his feet and said, "If the senor is ready."

Up, up, through the broiling sun, over fields of lava and volcanic slake, the trio trudged. His reply came. "Well, I dinna senn, but I dinna want to be a dog."

Trying Papa on the Dog.

A down town student who has a bright little dog might tell an anecdote which he thought showed great caution and a certain force of character. While out taking a walk the precocious child and her father encountered a big St. Bernard dog promenading beside its owner. The little one craved a strong desire to pat the dog as she passed, but evidently changed her mind. When they had passed, the little one said to her astonished father, "Say, papa, won't you pat the dog? I want to see if it bites."—Philadelphia Record.

He Claims For Remembrance.

"Well, when I die I shall at least have the consolation of knowing that I have made one person supremely happy."

"How did you do it?"

"Gave Miss Flashlight a chance to decline a proposal of marriage from me."—Chicago Times-Herald.

As the Farmer Saw It.

After listening to a parliamentary candidate's fervid appeal a shrewd old farmer was asked what he thought of the speech. His reply came. "Well, I dinna senn, but I dinna want to be a dog."

Do Animals Reason?

A little girl told of the dock at High Bridge. Her mother screamed for help. A stray Newfoundland dog responded to the call, rushed down the dock and, seeing that the morning newspaper, which he caught the girl and swam with her to the dock. Then a policeman ran down, swung himself over the dock and lifted first the child and then the dog to land.

"Not for nothing," said the philosopher proved to his own satisfaction, in a magazine article, that "animals do not reason." If this dog, now adopted by the police of the High Bridge precinct, did not reason, did the policeman who took him and the girl from the water;—Brooklyn Citizen.

Any Port in a Storm.

"I'm sorry, colonel," said the foreman to the veteran editor, "but your editorial on the death of Major Shorn is no good."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"He's done got well."

"That's too bad. But just switch it around to his grandnephew. I'm certain that will do him good."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"He's done got well."

Do Animals Reason?

A French journal reports the case of a man who entered a coffee house and sat down near a customer who was reading a copy of the morning newspaper, which belonged to the establishment.

"After you with the paper, if you please," said the newcomer.

The other man nodded assent and went to read, but at the end of half an hour had hardly finished the first column.

Just as the waiting customer was about making a second and perhaps impatient application he noticed that the reader had lost one of his organs of sight. His resentment vanished.

"Ah," said he in a low voice, "I am not surprised. The poor man has only one eye and has to read everything twice over."

Divine in a Storm.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, dear, no! My husband don't have any business any more. He's just a gentleman now.

Mrs. Biggins—That must be a pleasant surprise.

Novel Sensation.

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